

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1910.

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Note and Comment

A year ago the people of this part of the world were very much interested in the British elections. At that time they had to go a long distance from home to find any real political excitement. But conditions have changed in the interval and it is doubtful if our newspapers will give very much attention to the contest now in full swing. But it is a very pretty fight nevertheless and well worth paying attention to.

A week from today about eighty constituencies vote, mostly in Lancashire and London, and the final result will be known by the end of the month.

The issue is a straight one. Are the Lords to exercise the power that they have in the affairs of the nation in the past? Mr. Asquith desires that he is aiming at a single chamber system, but this would unquestionably be the effect of his proposals. The second chamber would continue to exist but its power to affect legislation would be curtailed to such an extent that a ministry which had not its confidence need no longer fear the veto regulations adopted in the Commons last March deny all rights to the Upper House to interfere with money bills. They provide that any other measure which has passed the Commons in three consecutive sessions and has as often been rejected by the Lords is to become law without their being consulted further. At least two years must elapse between the introduction of the bill and the passing of it for the third time, to legalise it, without the Lords' consent. In this way the Upper House may delay legislation but cannot prevent it. As things are, however, now a government at odds with the Lords is forced to appeal to the people in order to bring pressure to bear that is sufficient to enforce its will. Under Mr. Asquith's proposal, this would be no longer necessary. The premier would only have to maintain himself in power for two years to get what he wanted.

The Lords on their part have declared their willingness to have a reform of the chamber effected. Resolutions to that end were passed just recently. They are willing to abandon the principle by which a peer sits purely by hereditary right but would have members of the peerage elect representatives, as do those of Ireland and Scotland now. The House should, according to Lord Lansdowne, be further strengthened from outside by nomination and election.

That the Lords by putting themselves so clearly on record in favor of a reform of the constitution of their chamber will take the wind to a large measure out of the sails of their opponents is not at all unlikely. How profoundly opposed the Britisher is to radical change we all know and now that the peers have shown a disposition to be reasonable, there will undoubtedly be many, particularly those who view what they call the socialistic tendencies of the dominant party with suspicion, who will come to the conclusion that the time is opportune to strengthen their hands.

Those Conservatives who are opposed to the tariff reform propaganda, and whose defection in 1906 was mainly responsible for the tremendous Liberal majority on that occasion are flocking back to the old standard this year in much larger numbers than they did on the last appeal to the country and their influence is bound to be considerable. They believe that the first necessity is to stem the social and political revolution which they hold the government by its advanced legislation is aiming at. Having achieved a rebuff to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, they propose to turn their attention to the task of keeping Britain true to Free Trade.

It is an unsafe thing to make any too confident prediction as to any election result, even though you are closely in touch with the public. In the present case, accurate information

is particularly difficult to obtain. But the indications are that the ministry will not have the majority that it did last January and that it is in considerable danger of defeat.

It is hard to credit the despatch from Belfast which tells of the drawing up of a solemn declaration refusing to pay rates or taxes imposed by a Dublin parliament or obey its decrees, while Sinn Féin was subscribed on the spot to organise the Ulstermen into regiments and purchase arms.

If the parliament of Ireland is established under the Crown, and it is certain that it will never be established otherwise, how can loyal subjects contemplate such action as this?

Last week some attention was devoted on this page to the Bulletin's contention respecting the public domain, which many people think should be handed over to the province by the Dominion, the subject having been reintroduced by Mr. Bramley Moore's resolution in the Legislature. The Bulletin made the statement that the domain could not be made a source of revenue, if properly administered. The recently issued report of the department of the Interior throws some light on this point. It shows that between September 1st, 1908, when the provision regarding pre-emptions came into force and July 31st of the present year, 40,844 pre-emptions and 2,026 purchased homesteads have been recorded in the western offices of the Dominion Government. This represents a prospective income of \$21,009,600, that is now accruing, irrespective of the accumulation of interest. The accumulated interest through a course of years will also be a matter of millions. And these pre-emption and homestead sales are still going on, and are still piling up a financial reserve.

According to these figures the Dominion is receiving revenue at the rate of a million dollars a month from this source alone. It proposes to spend the money on the Hudson's Bay Railway proposal the other day at Edmonton. The railway he calls a "pipe dream." He thinks it fantastic—craziest scheme ever heard of! Mr. Warman is a professional humorist, but he wasn't joking this time. The post of the steel rails went into economics of the situation. Some far-pouters thought he had cold feet when he said: "What would the railway do with their rolling stock during the months that the Hudson's Bay was closed up?" Cy, Prince Rupert is the route. The G. T. P., he argues, should draw up Alberta and Saskatchewan 1,700 miles farther to the Orient, than are the farmers shipping out grain over the border in Minnesota. The Hudson's Bay railroaders would be leaving for their winter fireplaces just about the time that the golden No. 1 had was dribbling out of the threshold opening which would mean that it would have to rest up on the Bay among the cool breezes till the melting season set in. Board in the Arctic would not be cheap either—forty cents a bushel. The Pacific ports are favored by the gentle breezes all year round. But then one must not forget that Cy and the Grand Trunk are related."

Granted that the latter statement is correct, isn't Warman on the right track? The more the possibilities of trade expansion by way of the Pacific

FATHERS OF THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT



General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, who visited Edmonton last summer, is in the centre. The man to his right is Ernest Thompson-Seton, the famous naturalist who is now busy telling easterners of the great country north of Edmonton, which he visited last year. The third in the group is Dan Beard, the cartoonist. Messrs. Thompson-Seton and Mr. Beard have been very active in the boy scout movement across the line and the above picture was taken during Gen. Baden-Powell's stay in that country.

is studied the more apparent does it become that at least Alberta's hopes of a great foreign trade lie in this direction. Nor are we indulging in a dream that will have to wait for the long-distant future to be realised. The Panama Canal is, it is definitely announced, is to be finished by 1915. It will probably take that long to complete the Grand Trunk Pacific so that the year mentioned may be looked forward to as an annus mirabilis in the history of the province.

Those who are in the habit of talking about the "good old times" are often brought up with a sudden start. For instance, the other day, the Winnipeg Free Press in its reproductions from its file of 25 years ago reported 335 deaths from smallpox in Montreal during the previous week and the week before. "Today the disease has practically no terror for us. Not long ago a writer the New York Sun remarked "What a beautiful city this was in 1864," which brought about this highly interesting rejoinder from a correspondent:—

"As an old timer I offer my dissent. It contained less than a million inhabitants, its streets were continually paved and improperly cleaned. The snow was never removed. Its public markets were filthy and infested with rats, and still about one in every ten of the tall keepers of meads, mutter, etc., just served an ichnos. Its cars and wagons were piled, filled with foul straw, furnished with cushioned seats alive with vermin.

"It had no paid Fire Department, its police consisted of a lot of decrepit foreigners, the vilest corruption prevailed in public office, the tax rate was higher than now and hundreds of houses on Greenwich, Water, Amity, Greene, Wooster, and other streets boldly proclaimed their character by signs and inscriptions on door lamps.

"There was no Board of Health, and 1,000 people fell victims to cholera in 1866. Smallpox epidemics occurred each winter, and at least one out of every ten persons bore the pittings of smallpox. Butchers slaughtered under their own choicest conditions. There was no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-

mals or any for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Juvenile delinquents were committed to prison in company with incorrigible criminals. Very few scientifically organized charities were in existence.

"The restaurants, barber shops and liquor stores had wadded or sawdust floors, and all barkeepers were ruffians. The mass of people, neglected their teeth. Each office was warmed by a stove, the halls to the buildings being obstructed by coal bins. We had no museums, art galleries, public libraries or kindred educational institutions, no good driving roads, and but three parks worthy of the name. With the exception of Wallace's there was not a well-appointed theatre in the city; they and all the public halls located over stores and lining Broadway from Canal to about Tenth street had no ventilation and were fire death traps. Coney Island was scarcely known. All the church sermons, preaching literal hell fire, were of about one and a half hours in endurance. No rational amusement was to be had, and New York City of 1864 was dismal, dank, dark, and damnable."

Will the next half-century see similar progress?

A biography of Disraeli, who died Earl of Beaconsfield, has lately been published in London. In this biography some strange stories are told of the first of the jingoes and the man who was once Prime Minister of Great Britain.

When a lad at school, we are told he went on Sundays with the Anglican boys to church, but found that they fared rather badly at the midday dinner, which was usually half over by the time they got back. So he solemnly threw out the suggestion to his Anglican companions that it might be as well if they all became Unitarians for the term of their life at school.

As illustrating Disraeli's strange taste in dress we are given this story written by his friend Meredith: "He (Disraeli) came up Regent Street when it was crowded in his blue surtout, a pair of military light-blue trousers, black stockings with red stripes, and shoes! The people, he

The Political Situation

Two weeks ago, when the first alarming reports went abroad as to Mr. Sifton's intentions in regard to the A. and G. W. proposition, The Saturday News refused to credit them. Last week their correctness was all too apparent. Now after a discussion of the proposals for some days in the Legislature, the public is beginning to grasp into what a mass of difficulties the head of the government is leading his party and his province.

There are two phases to the question. One has to do with the effect on the future of the north country. This was dealt with at length on this page last week. The opening up of our hinterland is an absolute necessity if the City of Edmonton is to realise its dream of becoming a large centre. How strongly the citizens feel on this point was made clear at the meeting on Monday evening when a very large crowd stood in the open-air with the thermometer touching zero and heard the local leaders of each party give their opinions in no uncertain fashion. On the Friday before, the senior representative of the city, Mr. Cross, in reply to the Premier, set forth in a singularly clear and forceful speech, the need for such a line in the interests of the province as a whole, laying particular stress on the very real danger of Alberta's being cut off from the northern country by the construction of lines from Battleford or Prince Albert. Both of these places are pushing forward such projects. The ex-attorney-general, while emphasising all that the road meant to Edmonton and its immediate territory, pointed out that the particular line which would ensure participation in connection with mineral and timber wealth, must redound to the prosperity of every section. He appealed to the sense of fairness of the southern members. It was quite possible, if the C. P. R. had been built through Edmonton, as was originally intended, there would now be a larger population north than south of the city. It was all a matter of transportation. If this had happened, it was quite conceivable that instead of having Mr. Cote urge the building of a colonisation line into his constituency, the member for Cardston would be making such a request for his part of the province.

On Monday Mr. Cote set forth a mass of new and valuable testimony as to the resources of the country that would be tapped, all fully bearing out that which was presented on this page a week ago. Next day Mr. Cornwall added to the testimony from the wealth of his personal experience. The importance of all this cannot be overestimated. The Saturday News has from the first been thoroughly convinced that the project meant a new economic era for Alberta, and that in making the Dominion at one point more than a narrow territory stretching along the United States border, it was of real national significance. An abandonment of it is not in keeping with the spirit of our people and calls for opposition of the most determined character.

It is hinted that if the Premier's bill goes through he will proceed to make new arrangements for the building of the line. But up to the time of writing, we have absolutely no assurance on this point. All that we know is that, if Mr. Sifton has his way, money borrowed for this particular purpose will be diverted to objects entirely foreign to it and that all the expenditure that has been made by the company, which undertook to build to Fort McMurray, will be so much waste.

We wonder that a man of Mr. Sifton's sagacity would propose such a move, alienating those who have given him the most loyal support from the first and making against him the people of a section of the province, in which he had every reason to believe his government

would be strongest. From the view point of practical politics as well as from that of the welfare of the whole province, his proposition, granting that it can be carried through and that no loss will be suffered outside of the delay in the reconstruction of this particular railway line, is not that of the broad-gauge public man that we had to reason to believe him to be.

But this is far from all. It is had enough to have the opening up of the north country delayed. That will affect the future of Alberta very materially but to nothing like the same extent as would the damaging blow which the province's credit must certainly receive if the House passes Mr. Sifton's measure. Mr. Bennett in his speech on Wednesday, in praise of which too much cannot be said, both in respect to the manner of its deliberation and the information which he was able to give to his fellow-members made this so clear that no man of the most ordinary intelligence can in the future excuse himself for committing himself to such a egregious bit of folly on the ground that he was not sufficiently warned. The Saturday News has had frequent occasion to differ with Mr. Bennett and on that account it has all the more pleasure in recording its opinion that his effort of Wednesday was one which deserved to be given a very high place in Canadian parliamentary annals.

The plain facts may be briefly stated. This money which the government proposes to spend on roads and bridges and buildings is not its own. It was borrowed by a set of individuals for a specific purpose. The province guaranteed its repayment and made certain provisions by which, while doing only what was safeguarded against loss. If the A. and G. W. Company fails to comply with conditions, clearly set forth in its agreement the province may step in, but not until then. The company has not yet failed in this respect, but without resort to the courts and without even allowing the representatives of those interested to be heard, the government proposes to confiscate funds which are as much the property of the A. and G. W. as any piece of real estate in Edmonton or anywhere else of its registered owner.

It is surprising to find some newspapers arguing at this stage about the generous terms that were accorded Mr. Clarke and about his failure to appear before the royal commission. What has all this to do with the point at issue? No matter whether the bargain was a good or a bad one, it was a bargain entered into in due form of law, and the province must abide by it.

Mr. Sifton stated, in introducing his bill, that the company had defaulted in construction and in the payment of the interest on its bonds. The first statement is absurd. We all know that the company was rushing ahead with construction as rapidly as possible and that this was held up last winter by the express order of the House. The government refused to approve of plans submitted by the company and work had to be suspended. The Premier's plea reminds us of very strongly of that of the man who had killed his father and mother and asked for mercy on the ground that he was an orphan.

As for the failure to pay the interest, the company states that it was perfectly willing to pay the difference between the 5 per cent, and the 3½ per cent, which the bank was allowing, but that Mr. Sifton declined to allow this.

But in addition, it must be noted that, even if there was default in construction and in payment of interest, foreclosure must be made according to certain procedure set forth in the mortgage and not in the House. For instance this procedure that steps can be taken only after three

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PHOTOGRAPHER

IN THE
ATHLETIC
WORLD

Old University of Toronto men all over the continent will rejoice at the news of another Canadian football championship having been annexed. The 16-7 victory over Hamilton in the final match, even in the reading of the newspaper despatches stirs the imagination and the memory of ancient followers of this king of strenuous sports. It recalls that final game of fourteen years ago, for instance, when in the snow at Rosedale, Ottawa and Toronto Universities met in a sudden death struggle, Gleason and Counsell, their respective centre halves, were then in the height of their reputation and those who saw that game will never believe, despite all that they hear about the game under modern conditions, that two players have ever put up such a fight as did these two. Ottawa finally won by the narrowest margin and the students from the Capital made the streets ring that night with the song that they sang so frequently in the nineties "We're champions, again, boys." Since Father Fallon began to progress on his career upward, which has now landed him in the Bishopric of London,

players showed what they could do last summer, when the Toronto ingan went to England. It is by trips like these that the game will progress and Canada be brought to the place that it should hold in the Empire's sport. Every effort should be made to bring the British tourists west. With our large English population, the ventures would in all probability prove a paying one and no fear need be entertained about western clubs not being able to make a creditable showing.

Just now South Africa is playing in Australia and the reports of the matches fill one with the keenest regret that Canada does not hold the place in the world of cricket that she should as the most important of the outlying parts of the Empire. Why is it that Transvaalers, many of whom were in arms a year or so ago against the Mother country have more of a community of interest with her in her sports than have the people of Canada? The problem involved is of the greatest public importance. Playing against South Australia the other day: the South Africans won a great victory, scoring 133 and 507 to 183 and 176 by their opponents. Nurse made 201 and Strick-er 146.

Good luck to the Edmonton Mercantile Hockey League. It is off to an excellent start and should furnish us with plenty of real sport, much more enjoyable to the man who wants sport for sport's sake than much that makes greater pretensions. Cover Point.

(Continued on Page Ten.)

Neither the intellectual nor the moral character of any person stands stock still.—Charles Reade.



A WASTE OF MATERIAL.

Sympathetic Nephew (to aeroplane man, who has slipped badly).
"Well, it is rotten luck for you, Uncle, hurting yourself like this falling down the silly old steps, when you've got an aeroplane!"—Punch.

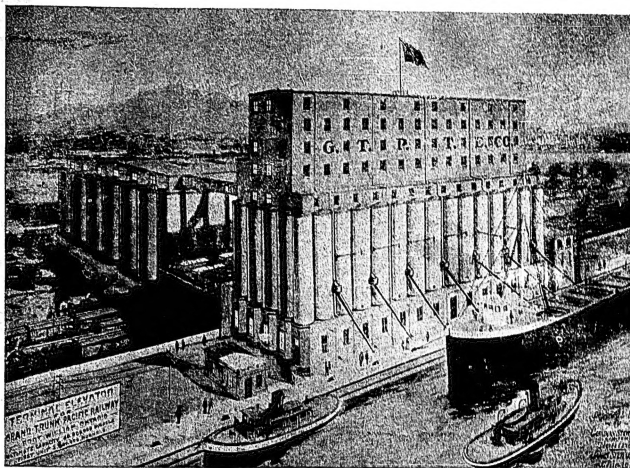
Music Hath Charms.

My neighbors all, on Sunday after-
noons,
Sit in their drawing rooms to sing
and strum,
Abandoning themselves to hymnal
tunes
Of Pandemonium.
Blending from all their open win-
dows forth
Distracting melody and tortured note
Against a hymn I have no animus—
Per se it may be innocent and mild
But what perturbs and quells my
spirit thus,
What really drives me wild,
Is the discordant melodies that meet
At once from all the windows down
the street.
Some use one finger in distressing
case;
Some use all ten with rampant
energy;
Some keep a changeless banging for
the bass,
Ignoring time and key.
A full chaotic flood of discord comes
From voice, pianos, flutes, harmoni-
ums.
Devout yet truly diabolic noise.
Anarchic frenzy of tormented
sound!
How I do wish these pietistic joys
Would not so much abound!
Praying for sweetest silence to as-
suage
My outraged soul, my impotence of
rage.

"I am afraid the music will get
into my bathing suit," said Maude.
"It would be a shame," replied
Mylene. "The poor things would
starve to death."—Washington Star.

Vicar—James, I have not seen you
at church for some months. Does
not the voice of duty call to you?
James—May be it do, sir; but
since I had the influenza last win-
ter, I've been as deaf as a post.
—M.A.P.

Right principles will by no means
fit wrong practices.—Puncheon.



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NO KINGLY ENTANGLEMENT.

King George has been provoked at
last into replying, through his sec-
retary, to an old-repeated tale that
years ago his Majesty contracted a
morganatic marriage. "This out-
rageous lie," says the London cor-
respondent of the Liverpool Cour-
ier, "has obtained a long start, and
it is difficult to overtake, but it is
to be hoped that we have heard the
last of it now that Sir Arthur Bigge
has denied it in terms which admit
of no possible misapprehension."
"You have my authority for stat-
ing," Sir Arthur says, "in whatever
manner you may think fit, that King
George was never married, morgan-
atically or otherwise, until July 6,
1893, when, as Duke of York, he
married Princess Victoria Mary of
Teck, her present Majesty. Mor-
over, nothing in his Majesty's life
could give the slightest ground for
the conception of such a cruel and
wicked lie."

In view of this definite state-
ment, the action of a Sunday paper in
offering a reward of £1,000 to any
person who can afford proof what-
ever of the truth of the story, will
probably be withdrawn. The offer
is somewhat open to miscon-
struction, and when the editor made
it he does not appear to have been
in possession of Sir Arthur Bigge's in-
dignant refutation. It seems that
Socialistic scandal-mongers have been
spreading the slander in the parks,
and the journalistic reward was of-
fered in order to prevent further dis-
graceful aspersions in public places.
This is not the first time that the
King's integrity has been openly
defended. A few months ago the
Archbishop of York described King
George as a "man of regular, dis-
ciplined, and abstemious life, and an
example to every man," while Dr.
Moule, Bishop of Durham, denoun-
ced the rumors as "absolute fiction."

There never was a better lot
of titles in new fiction to choose
from than the Canadian publishers
have bought out this season. A-
mong them are the following:
DOP DOCTOR—A well told tale
of the South African war. A
long novel that you can hardly
leave till it is finished. Only
one man knows who the author is.

THE LOVE OF THE WILD—
A story of early Ontario days
written by McKishnie, one of
Canada's top-notchers.

THE FRONTIERMAN—A
thrilling story of the Klondike
by H. A. Cody, another Canadian.

THE SECOND CHANCE—By
Nellie McClung, the author of
'Sowing Seeds in Danny.'

MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE—
By the author of 'The Rosary.'

ALISA PAGE—A story of the
American civil war by Chambers.

PURCHASE PRICE—By the au-
thor of '34-40 or Fight.'

THE STAMPEDE—A good
Klondike story by White.

'HE HANDICAP—By Knowles,
author of 'Alec Guest.'

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THE SETTLER'S GRAVE.

(Suggested by the photograph of a
grave on a desecrated farm.)

Speak, living tree, that roots the land

Draw'st through thy roots the sap

of life—

Speak—tell me who hath found this
bed,

Where sleep and solitude are rife.

Kind neighbors delved this lonely
grave

Beside the lake and on the heights,
And of their charity they gave
Him burial with Christian rites.

They fenced it from surrounding
wilds,

As they would consecrate the
spot;

But left it as a stillborn child's,
For an inscription there is not.

A log hut, ruined, desolate,
I passed, and noted its decay.

Was it through yonder broken
gate

They bore the settler's bulk
away

And those stumps bear witness
still

Of sturdy toil with axe and saw
By him who often ranged this hill,

Perchance to track the black
bear's paw;

To chase the wolf, to stalk the deer,
Or his own acres to survey;

But now lies nameless, slumbering
near

'The homestead Nature claims to-
day'

What tragedy is this I guess:
This solitary grave, that but

Abandoned in the wilderness,
With none to open the door he
shut?

William T. James, in Toronto Star.

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Home and Society

I find it very hard to write of social news this week, with so much of real moment doing at the foot of the hill in political circles. The parties are all very well in their way, but are too much of a sameness. A little variety adds that spice to life we are all eagerly searching for. And they have had it, and to spare, at the Legislature during the past few days. Caucuses and secret meetings, free fights, and speeches galore. Every afternoon the House has been crowded to the doors, women being present in almost as great numbers as men. The women indeed are much the hotter politicians of the two, and tea struggles and bridge parties have taken on quite a political tone of late. I heard of one rousing scrap between two men, after the post office gathering. And I know two women, friends of mine, who, though the night was bitter, and the meeting an out-of-door one, stayed through it all, and were the most excited of the lot.

In Capital centres feeling generally runs very high, also grows up among the women an interest in political matters, not usually the case. I see this tendency developing very rapidly in Edmonton. It means that in time, we shall have a political set, as well as a University set, and it is interesting to watch its evolution.

The little spat between Bennett and the Speaker on Friday was watched with keen interest from the side chairs, and more than one woman freely expressed her sentiments on the matter.

One may think what one will of R. B. Bennett as a man and a politician; opinions differ, but as a consistent scrapper, a hard hitter, and for bull-dog tenacity of purpose, there is not a man in Albertan politics who can hold a candle to him.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of Edmonton at least, hostesses have of late, had to consider who should be asked with whom. It is very disagreeable. Dinner parties, small teas, matinee bridges—all have had to be arranged with an eye to who were, and were not, congenial. So are the ways of Ottawa descending on this little Capital out-post of the Empire.

To your books, dear ladies, to master the rudiments of how political hostesses manage these ticklish matters.

Mrs. Shibley will receive on the first Tuesday of the month at her suite, No. 37, in the Wize Block.

Mrs. Forin was the hostess of a large tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Smith will resume her luncheon reception day, the 2nd Monday in the month.

Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald is giving a tea this Friday afternoon to present her daughter, Miss Joan Macdonald, who has been at school in Paris for a number of years, and has just come home to make her bow to society.

Mrs. H. A. Mackie received for the first time on Wednesday afternoon, when a large number of callers paid their devoirs.

Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie of MacLeod, who with her husband has taken the Henderson residence on South Street for the session, cancelled the reception she was to have held on Wednesday owing to the illness of the serious illness of her mother.

The Alberta Mounted Rifles of A Squadron will hold their second annual dance in the Separate School Hall on the evening of December 12.

Mrs. D. S. McKechnie, 636 10th Avenue, was the hostess at a delightful tea on Tuesday last, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Craig, of Lethbridge. Her cosy little cottage looked so warm and inviting on the frosty afternoon the dining room being decorated in red and white. The table was a lovely arrangement of red and white carnations on a dainty centrepiece, red satin streamers and the softly shaded lights adding to the pretty effect.

Mrs. B. Lawton, modishly gowned in a soft shade of rose served the tea, and Mrs. W. G. Walford in an embroidered pale blue silk, presided over the ices. The hostess looked very bright and attractive in a smart blue gown and gave her numerous guests the kindest of welcomes, while the guest of honor wore a strikingly becoming black tailored costume.

Mrs. I. S. Cowan will hold her post nuptial reception next Tuesday, the 6th December, at her home in the Rene La Marchand Mansions, Suite 25.

"Glencoe" was the scene of three very beautiful gatherings during the seven days.

On Saturday, Mrs. Macdonald had thirty benny wee girls and boys for a party in honor of her little daughter, Kathleen, who was four years old on that day. Such a perfectly splendid party, and every guest a perfect beau and beauty—as even rival mothers had to acknowledge. I never saw indeed, so many lovely little children at one gathering. You could have them dark or have them fair, though the latter were in the vast majority. Had you a preference for dark eyes and golden hair, or a strictly brunette type, there they were, rosy of cheek, appealing childish graces, like a great shower bouquet of the most exquisite flowers.

Of course each mother thought "her's" the sweetest, which is a dear way mothers have—but all agreed that not one of them but had their good points.

The little frocks too were all very charming, and pink bows and blue bows, and adorable plump little legs encased in saucy little socks, were admired by the young gentlemen present with the most flattering and earnest attention.

The mothers were there in full force—also a few stray fathers, but of them I have opportunity to speak another, and more suitable times.

The dainty graceful little hostess looked very sweet in a French frock with great pale blue ribbon bows, while her sturdy young brother, Garth, did the honors of the house with much dignity. The birthday gifts were many and varied, but the feature of the day was when the youngsters trooped into "the party," and found a table laden with gifts and goodies and tumbled over three gift-laden Christmas trees, from which each received some token, dear to a child's heart. There was a scrumptious birthday cake which the wee girl cut herself, assisted of course, by her mother, who I need hardly say is one of the kindest.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

Mr. Alexander Stuart

BARRISTER

Solicits your vote and influence for election as

ALDERMAN

for the City of Edmonton for 1911.

Mr. T. M. Grindley

Solicits your influence and support at the forthcoming election for

Alderman

est and most thoughtful of hostesses, and it was with the greatest reluctance that the little "not-outs" including weensy Jimmy Wallbridge, could be induced to don their many garments and depart for home after a cup of tea.

On Tuesday Mrs. Macdonald had a matinee bridge, five tables engaging in play, a number dropping in later for a cup of tea.

Mrs. Macdonald received her guests in a smart black and white striped voile frock, with dainty Baby Irish lace accessories, Miss Kerr, who, assisted her sister in doing the honors of the house, was in a most becoming gown, with pipings of green.

The cosy room looked very inviting in the soft glow of many candle-lights, a fire burning cheerily in the hearth, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves immensely in these pleasant surroundings.

Mrs. Richard's carried off the first prize, and Mrs. J. D. Harrison the second. Tea was served in the handsome dining-room, everyone going out informally to gather round the festive board. Mrs. Metcalfe and Mrs. Branton dispensed the tea and coffee and Mrs. Duncan Smith the ices. Among those engaged in play I remember, Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Mrs. James Biggar, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Branton, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Jas. Smith, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Dick-

ins, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. J. D. Harrison, and Miss Hudspeth.

On Thursday this indefatigable hostess was again at home, this time at a bridge-luncheon, when she wore a charming gown of Maltese lace and touches of pink, and Miss Kerr had on a handsome toilette of mauve satin, with a biscuit colored net overdress, Maltese lace and strappings of satin, caught with buckles of brilliants.

The floral decorations, of the beautifully laid luncheon table, were crimson roses in handsome cut-glass vases, with silver, crimson-shaded candles the cloth being a finely embroidered one of grass linen.

Covers were laid for twenty-two, the guests being Mrs. J. Sifton, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Cobbett, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Bourchier, Mrs. de Wolf Macdonald, Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Hyndman, Mrs. Spratt, Miss Crosskill, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Ponton, Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Slocock. Among those who came in for tea and bridge I noticed Mrs. Cantley, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Kerr, of Strathcona, Mrs. F. W. Lines, Madame Cote, Mrs. Pate, Mrs. Soars, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Gifford, Miss Hayes and Madlle Cauchon.

(Continued on page 5)



FASHIONABLE EVENING GOWNS SHOWN AT THE FORBES, TAYLOR CO., 233 JASPER, WEST.

Music and Drama

At a Matinee.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Her eyes were soft and deep: her graces
Were such as are vouchsafed
Few;
She had one of the fairest faces
To which a glad breeze ever blew;
I sat behind her and her mother;
The curtain had not yet been raised;
They talked so much, each to the other,
That I was dazed.

The curtain finally ascended.
The lights upon the stage were bright;
The scene was wonderfully splendid,
I did,
I viewed it with a keen delight:
I tried to learn just what the drama
Hinged on and what its meaning was,
But still they talked, she and her mamma
Without a pause.

There were three acts, of that I'm certain,
The programme pointed the fact out;
The star was called before the curtain,
I don't know what he spoke about,
His speech may have been French or Russian,
It was all meaningless to me,
For they continued their discussion incessantly.

"The only lines that I remember
Of those I heard that afternoon
Are these: "She left him last September";
"They'll probably announce it soon";
"She told me not to tell you, even,"
"My silk ones are all full of holes,"
Yes, last night, just as he was leaving—
Bless their souls!

department last week on Miss Stead's entry upon a stage career, in the course of which it was recalled that her father, W. T. Stead, once said that he would rather see a daughter of his dead than on the stage, recalls to a reader the story in regard to the evangelist Moody and his daughter, during Moody and Sankey's campaign in Glasgow. Miss Moody, it was said, attended the theatre one evening instead of going to her father's meeting. Next morning, when she came to the breakfast table, Mr. Moody said: "Good morning, daughter of Satan!" and the young lady responded, "Good morning, father!"

Regret has frequently been expressed that the Alberta Musical Festival was too much of an Edmonton affair.

It has always been held in this city and the competitors have, with a few exceptions, come from north of Calgary.

In Saskatchewan, on the contrary, it is held each year in a different city and all compete. To make the event more thoroughly provincial in its character, the Edmonton committee this year suggested that it should be held in Calgary, and managed by the musicians of that city. At first it looked as if the proposal would work out successfully. But word has now been received that the southern city cannot handle it and that the Edmontonians must go to it again. This is unfortunate, but it is to be hoped that at least Calgary will be well represented in the contests. The festival has done the cause of music all kinds of service and is thoroughly deserving of the support of all Albertans.

The Edmonton Philharmonic Society has decided not to produce this winter "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast" on which it has been working. It has been adopted instead for the



Chivalrous Party: "Old yer blooming rab; an' give the old geyser a charn, cawn't yer?"
Performer (farther): "Thank ye, sir. (Sniff.) Ye're the only gentleman in the 'ouse."—Punch.

This is from the New York Sun, of recent date.

Pausing in a concert tour, Mme. Melba arrived at the Plaza yesterday from Chicago to rest for a few days before singing on Thanksgiving night in the first of a series of four performances in which she will take part this season at the Metropolitan Opera House. The second will be on Tuesday night of next week, and the others on December 12 and 16.

Mme. Melba was full of enthusiasm over her tour, especially the Canadian part of it.

"There are some wonderful new towns in Canada," said Mme. Melba. "I went west as far as Edmonton. Think of a place that is only between four and six years old and which was able to give me an audience of 2,000 people!"

"I came over here in August and spent a week singing for the talking-machine before I started on my tour. I began it at St. John and Halifax, and since then have been going about in a very lively fashion. I had not intended to make a tour in the United States at all, but was persuaded to do so in the last month have been singing in this country. I have then as far west as Milwaukee and I have just finished two performances of opera in Chicago."

"Your experience has not been like a 'one night stand' tour?" was suggested.

"No, I have made the tour very comfortably. I have had a private car and have enjoyed it. But I must tell you western Canada is the most colossal place I ever saw in my life. The last time I went through it, five years ago, it was so different. So many places didn't exist then."

The article which appeared in this

Festival and its production by the combined choir will be the feature of the annual event.

While the holding of Earl Grey's dramatic and musical competition at Winnipeg next Spring is a boon to western amateurs, who found the trip to the east too expensive to be practicable, it is creating corresponding difficulties for eastern competitors.

Fearing that they cannot spare the time to stand the expense, the members of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra say that they will be unable to go to Winnipeg.

For three years in succession they have won this coveted trophy, twice under the name of Canadian Conservatory of Music, and once under the name of the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra, then at Montreal, and last year as the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra they carried off the prize when the competition was held in Toronto. The trip to Toronto cost over \$1,000, and it is figured that the expenditure of \$5,000, there are fifty seats in the orchestra. It is rumored, however, that some wealthy citizens will, at their own expense, send the organization to Winnipeg.

The London Daily Mail contains a very readable sketch of the leading British composers of the day. Sir Edward Elgar, a new concerto by him was recently named by Fritz Kreisler at the Philharmonic Society's annual.

"The personality of Sir Edward Elgar," says the Mail "dominates English music to-day, and yet at the first glance you would never take him for a musician. There are none of the traditional trappings of the composer about him—no long hair, or

velvet coat, or flowing tie. Such things he despises as affectations. One should be a man first and a musician afterwards, so he thinks. With military-looking moustache, you would probably set Elgar down as a retired colonel or a distinguished lawyer or politician—anything, in fact, but a composer. And yet a second glance will make you feel that you are looking at a very remarkable face—the face of a great thinker, with the eyes of a visionary. Such is Elgar to the outside; to describe the man as his friends know him would require many pages. To strangers he appears as a reserved almost taciturn man, but there never was a more charming and genial companion to those who know and understand him."

"It is obviously impossible," concludes the article "to attempt anything like a final estimate of Elgar's ultimate position as a composer. But to English musicians has ever attracted so much attention, both at home and abroad. He is the composer of the day whose new works are awaited all the world over with eagerness. Individuality and sincerity are the two great essentials of his music. From every page of his music one can tell its authorship, and every page we feel is written as the outcome of a genuine emotion, and not in any way manufactured. In some ways Elgar has not been an innovator in music, and has not opened up new spheres like Strauss or Debussy. He has been content to take the musical apparatus largely as it was left by composers before him. But with his he has created music that is entirely individual to himself. You can, indeed, always recognise Elgar's melody and harmony at once. He has been sometimes accused of a Mendelssohnian tinge and of Wagnerisms, but there never was of much truth in the charge.

"Possibly Elgar's greatest original-

ity has been shown in his writing to the orchestra." In this respect he stands unequalled by any composer past or present. His knowledge of instrumental technique and effect and his sense of orchestral colour are remarkable, and his scoring is wonderfully brilliant and quite individual to himself. From early days Elgar has always had this mastery of orchestral effect, and some of the writing in his earlier works is quite as brilliant as anything in his latest creations.

"When Brahms died it was said that the line of 'classical' composers had come to an end. But Elgar during these past few years has been working more in line with the great succession of composers from Bach to Brahms. His symphony and now the new concerto stand alone as being classical and yet most modern."

The Passing of Pumpkin Pie.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Grandmother's pumpkin pies, with crisp crust, and without too much of that ineffable ginger in the mushy part, were good. But no city pumpkin pies are good. They are so full of ginger that they offend the educated palate. They have lumps in them, too, usually. They are not baked so that a fine dry skin forms over the soft part of the pie like an upper crust, holding in all the lusciousness. There are no good pumpkin pies in the restaurants or in the hotels. Our "bired girl" does not make good pumpkin pies. Our friend's wife, who is very proud of her culinary skill, does not make good pumpkin pies. There are no good pumpkin pies in all this teeming city.

Rest is not quitting the busy career; Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.—John S. Dwight.

Habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim, become flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing; it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits.—Amiel.

TELL THE PUBLIC THE REASON WHY

Quebec Man Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Of Rheumatism, Gravel and Diabetes says he wants other sufferers, to have the benefit of his experience.

Roussseau Mills, Portneuf Co., Que., Nov. 28 (Special).—"Tell the public Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Gravel, Rheumatism and Diabetes." These are the words of Seraphin Carpentier, of this place.

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Never suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved, and leave thee in idleness and vacancy; but be always either reading, or writing, or meditating, or employed in some useful labor for the common good.—A Kempis.

Christmas Gift

Suggestions

At no season of the year does one puzzle his or her brains to know just exactly what they may buy for a gift as at Christmas time.

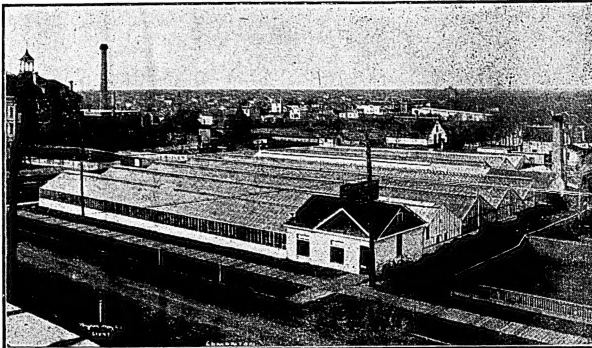
You see much beautiful goods and know not what to buy and that is why we are offering some suggestions to you. How about some Hand Painted China? We will be glad to show our range of Crown Derby. It is needless to talk at any length on this beautiful ware.

Picard Hand Painted China. We have a beautiful set, with the new ornamental Platanus, and Gold, only \$70.00. Individual Pitchers, ... \$6.50 Cup and Saucer, ... \$6.00 Punch Bowls, Salad Bowls, Depots—Art China, 3 piece tea set, from ... \$24.00 to \$35.00. Vases, \$5.00 to \$15.00, all beautiful Hand Painted China. Call in and see us. We will be glad to show you our goods and you will be surprised at our large stock of Christmas Goods.

Jackson Bros.

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A good many people have ridden on the Edmonton street cars since the system commenced operation without knowing that there was more than one kind of ticket, red as to color and selling at six for a quarter. On such strict business principles is the railway run, that you might buy the red tickets indefinitely at all hours of the day without a conductor ever telling you that early in the morning and between five and half past six at night blue ones, which sell at eight for a quarter, would do as well. However, it isn't for me to criticize civic policy. I refer to the subject because of an incident which has been puzzling some straphangers. There aren't straps in Edmonton but the word comes naturally. How about seat-clutcher as a substitute? At any rate, these special tickets were issued the other night with the word "blue" printed across them. What was the department trying to do to us? Was it a test for color-blindness they were throwing in for the fare? If the ticket looked yellow or

fact to the leader, arranges to intro-
duce John, who, of course, is as-
tounded and delighted to have the
great man remember him. Always
afterwards he votes straight and
hurts the family curses at any son or
grandson who deserts the party.
Humble individuals who have basked
in the rays of a political luminary at
certain spots in their careers and
then have had the self-same luminary
go by them with his head in the air,
are forced to believe that the Star
man knows what he is talking about.

How much of life is a frame-up,
without our suspecting it? Even the
inspiration of the pulpit is open to
question. Weather forecasters tell
about the many enquiries they re-
ceive from preachers as to Sunday's
weather. Such an enquiry was made
recently and elicited this observation
from the weather-clerk to a friend
who happened to be present.

"Preachers who are getting ready
to write to-morrow's sermon want a
forecast of the weather before choos-
ing a text. That doesn't mean that
if we prophesy rain they will hash up
an inferior production to serve out to
a handful of the faithful. In most
cases the fiercer the storm the stronger
the sermon. A talk that would hit
the bulls-eye on a sunshiny day would
miss the mark in a storm. A man
who has it on his mind to launch a
few thunderbolts in regard to eter-
nal damnation ought, to do it on a
gloomy day. The congregation
aren't straps in Edmonton but the word
comes naturally. I know of a minister who has had
that kind of a sermon for eight
months, but the weather has been too
mild for its delivery. He is holding
it back for a blizzard. The first
Sunday the wind threatens to blow
the roof-off I am going up to hear
it."



THE LATE PROFESSOR PENHALLOW.

Mr. D. P. Penhallow, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.C.,
was Professor of Botany at McGill University at
the time of his death, which occurred at sea re-
cently while he was returning from England. He
was well known in scientific circles throughout
the world.

crimson to us, should we consult our
family physician? Everyone in my
party comforted himself with the
thought that his eyes were all right
for the tickets certainly looked what
they were said to be. But next
morning the discovery was made that
they were the school-children's
green tickets, being sold on the eight
for a quarter basis. Now the prob-
lem is: Had the department the right
to say that these tickets were what
they were not? One of Abe Lin-
coln's stones is commended to the
superintendent.

"If you call the tail of sheep a
leg" he asked a deputation "how
many legs will the sheep have."
"Five," said the spokesman.
"No," replied the president "it
would only have four. Calling the tail
a leg wouldn't make it one."

The question doubtless is a very
puerile one, but does calling a ticket
blue make it blue?

With mincing steps the woman in
the very tight skirt and very big hat
tilted back to the platform and took
five minutes longer to get down to
Twenty-first street from the centre
of the town than it took six months
ago.

"Have they changed the schedule?"
she asked.
"No, ma'am," said he; "not offi-
cially, but it does take longer."

"Why?" she asked.

He looked at her skirt, he looked
at her hat.

"That's why," said he. "It takes
time to get those things up the steps
and through the door."

A young storekeeper who had failed
the previous day was so diffident
about meeting his creditors that he
gave his wife the following instructions.

"Now, Marie, if anyone rings you
answer the door and tell them that
I'm not in. I'll hide."
Nor had he long to wait until a
loud jangling of the bell assured
him that an irate creditor stood at
the door.

It was only a reporter, however.

"I wish to speak to your husband."

"But he isn't in," protested the
woman.

"Well, I understand," said the re-
porter, getting out his notebook and

pencil, "that he is in solvent."
"Oh, yes," cried the wife, a happy
inspiration seizing her, "he went
over there on the 2.40 train yester-
day, and I don't expect him back
until to-morrow!"

The gentleman with the well-fed
appearance, who had motored over
from the nearest town to deliver his
lecture, "The Art of Getting On," in
the village school-room, concluded
with a fine burst.

"Effort is the keystone of success,"
he said. "The successful man is the
man who strives persistently. His
motto is, 'Push and keep pushing,'
for by that, and that alone, he reaches
his goal."

Before the bulk of the audience
made much headway with their clapping
a small man at the back got in a
laugh that might have come from a
megaphone.

The lecturer held up his hand for
silence.

"You, too, my friend, will have to
push," he commenced.

"So'll you, I reckon," interrupted
the small man; there's 'arf a dozen
youngsters been pinching the petrol
out of yer motor car aer light a bon-
fire."

A newly made magistrate was
gravely absorbed in a formidable do-
cument. Raising his keen eyes, he
said to the man who stood patiently
awaiting the award of justice: "Of-
ficer, what is this man charged with?"
"Bigotry, your worship. He's
got three wives," replied the officer.
The new justice rested his elbows
on the desk and placed his finger tips
together. "Officer," he said, some-
what sternly, "what's the use of all
this education, all these evening
schools, all the technical classes and
what not? Please remember, in any
future like case, that a man who has
married three wives has not commit-
ted bigotry, but trigonometry. Pro-
ceed."

"When I ask my Uncle Will what
his politics is," said Mrs. Lapaling,
"All I can get out of him is that he is
in favor of government ownership of
all the futilities."

"Henry," whispered Mrs. McDer-
mott, straightening up in bed, "what's
that noise in the library?"
"Must be history repeating itself,"
muttered Henry drowsily. "Go on
to sleep."

"How about that gold mine you
bought stock in last year?"

"Why, we've called it 'the Bull-
dog.' It's the bravest little mine you
ever heard of?"

"Bravest?"

"Sure! There isn't a yellow streak
anywhere in it."

"What's the matter with him? Has
he got rheumatism?"

"No, the girl he's engaged to wears
a lobbie skirt, and the got that walk
from trying to keep step with her."

"Success in the law," said Joseph
H. Choate at a dinner at the Lawyers'
Club in New York, "often depends on
the ability to meet every objection
readily."

"A clergyman, however, once car-
ried this ability a little too far. He
was addressing a prayer meeting, and
in his description of the doom of the
wicked, he said:

"And there shall be weeping and
wailing and gnashing of teeth. Aye,
gnashing of teeth."

"A very old woman spoke up in a
quavering and senile voice:

"'But I ain't got no teeth, pastor.'"
"Then, madam, they will be pro-
vided," was the answer."

His Sycamore Year.

"Caller—"I didn't know your son
was at college. Is this his freshman
year?"

Mrs. Bunderby—"Oh, no, indeed!
He's a sycamore."—Boston Trans-
cript.

"How would you like a game pic-
ture in the dining-room? A
brace of canvas-backs, say?"
"No cheap stuff for me. Paint me
a picture of a dozen eggs."—Wa-
shington Herald.

Cultivate universality of taste. There
is no surer mark of a half educated
mind than the incapacity of admiring
various forms of excellence. Enlarge
your tastes so that you may enlarge
your heart, as well as your pleasures;
feel all that is beautiful love all
that is good.—Robertson.

When you make a mistake do not
look back at it long. Take the reason
of the thing into your own mind, and
then look forward. Mistakes are
lessons of wisdom. The past cannot
be changed. The future is yet in your
power.—Hugh White.

CHRISTMAS PHOTOS

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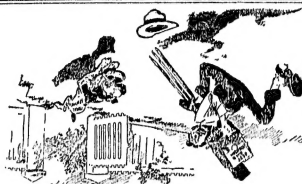
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8th Prize, SMOOKING JACKET,	value \$12.50
9th Prize, LADY'S BATH ROBE,	value \$8.00
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12th Prize, MAN'S HAT,	value \$3.00

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On the night of Saturday, December 24th (Xmas Eve) bring your checks to the store, showing the total amount of your purchases.

To the person having the largest total cash purchases, will be given the 1st prize, and so on with the 11 next largest totals.

Purchases may be made in any department of the store—must be sure and keep your sales slips, with your name thereon.

Only purchases made up to 6 o'clock on December 24th will be counted in this contest.

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shopping days. So get
busy now!

SEE PRIZES IN THE COR-
NER WINDOW

The Purvis Co.

Limited

Cor. First street and Jasper avenue

Jasper's Note Book

It does not look as if the electors of Edmonton are likely to get the worth of their money in municipal election excitement, but across the river everything is warming up to an extent to please the most ardent lover of a fight. A very real issue has arisen. A sufficient number of citizens have come to the conclusion that amalgamation with Edmonton should be considered at an early date to make the discussion over the problems involved one of practical politics. The contrary opinion has always been over-represented in the council and now it has gone to the remarkable lengths in an effort to stem the rising tide. The councillors recently decided that only property holders resident in the city should have the right to vote on the question of amalgamation. This would exclude some 250 people who live in Edmonton. Such action is, of course, absolutely indefensible. All who pay taxes have a right to decide what is to be the policy of the municipality. The Edmonton people affected contemplate taking the matter up with the Legislature, but action on their part is not likely to be necessary. A very large element of the residents of the city on the south bank are up in arms over the proposed action and will fight the councillors both before the Legislature and at the polls. They have nominated a progressive ticket, with Mr. Arthur Macdonald, an old and leading citizen at its head, all of those on which are favorable to taking up amalgamation negotiations. Needless to say they intend to secure the very best terms possible and would not be disposed to carry out their ideas if Edmonton should prove unreasonable. Such is not looked for and they are convinced that the time is ripe for taking up the project in earnest.

The advantages to be derived by both municipalities are so apparent that such a result is only a matter of time. With the completion of the high level bridge, nothing can prevent it. There will then be many more people whose work is in Edmonton living in Strathcona than there will be those whose work is in Strathcona. For residential purposes it is by all odds the best part of the greater city, and it is as such that it has a future. Why not face these facts right away and have a union scheme brought about in time for the united city to gain all the prestige which must accrue from a very large population showing in the census next June?

A meeting took place last week at East Edmonton, which despite its name lies to the south of the river and immediately east of Strathcona. The question of amalgamation of the two cities was discussed and, a vote being taken, 23 recorded their opinion as in favor of the move and but 13 against. Mr. Rice Sheppard read a paper in the course of which he set forth his reasons for desiring amalgamation, which was a very clear and comprehensive review of the case. I wish that I had the space to reproduce it in full. Mr. Sheppard laid stress on the economy of management which was always possible, where a duplication of services was avoided. Strathcona property owners and the farmers in the district contiguous to the city did not at present secure the advantage which they should from the world-wide advertising which Edmonton had received. Why, he asked, should farm lands four and five miles from Edmonton, sell at from \$300 to \$500 an acre, while land two miles from Strathcona sold at \$100. He recalled that at the sitting of the Technical Education Commission in Strathcona, one of the witnesses stated that on account of the small number in the different trades in Strathcona, it would hardly pay till the city grew larger to establish a technical school. "Then" asks Mr. Sheppard "will it not be an advantage to amalgamate and secure one such good school for greater Edmonton?" With the argument that Strathcona should wait till it got more government buildings, such as the post office, Mr. Sheppard had no tolerance. Why should there be a waste of public money? No more buildings should be put up till the future position of the city is decided.

Such discussion is what is needed. Once the situation is boldly faced, few can have any doubt as to the ultimate result.

The Calgary publicity commission has issued a pamphlet containing

much useful information in most readable shape. While with most of what he says absolutely no fault can be found, telling as it does of most remarkable progress, his population figures challenge attention. This is what we are told:—

"In 1901, Calgary had a population of 6,537; in 1909 (police census), 29,265, not including suburbs."

"The present population of Calgary (November 1, 1910) is estimated at 46,000, and with suburbs and transients at 50,000."

"The 100,000 Club of Calgary estimates the population will reach the figure in 1913; a 200,000 Club will then be formed."

No one will deny that these are most remarkable figures, and, with a Dominion census in prospect next June one would expect those responsible for them to be very careful. What particularly challenges attention, however, is the estimate of the growth within the past year. Before the Dominion census of 1906 showed less than 12,000, there is no doubt that a police census at that time would have produced at least four thousand more. The police census of 1909 showed a little over 29,000. Was there only an increase of 13,000 in the three years and one of 17,000 this last year? With this rate of increase, why does the 100,000 Club limit itself to 100,000 by four thousand more. Again why was the population in 1901 placed at 6,537, when the Dominion census of that year put it at 4,091. Will not our progressive neighbors trust government figures of the past any more than they will those of the present?

The members of the St. Andrew's Society heard a good sermon last Sunday morning from Rev. Dr. Macquenn and the annual entertainment on Wednesday night kept up the record of successes achieved in past years. Scotchmen have played a large part in the history of Edmonton and it is satisfactory in every way to find their organizations being maintained at such a high level of efficiency.

It is not often that the opportunity arises to hear such a genuinely fine speaker as Dr. Parkin proved himself to be when on Wednesday he addressed the Canadian Club. To hear a man brim full of wit and enthusiasm, who is at the same time able to present them in a singularly attractive way, cannot help refresh and stimulate. He is a great asset to the cause of imperialism. The Canadian Club is to be warmly congratulated on the programme which it has been able to provide for its members this season.

The young Icelandic, Stefansson, who has twice gone north from Edmonton on scientific work, has been having a hard time of it on his second expedition. Last week R. W. Brock, director of the geological survey at Ottawa, received a letter written on April 26 last by Mr. Stefansson that had to be carried several hundred miles by an Eskimo on snowshoes from Cape Lyons to an eastern point in Alaska. Mr. Stefansson had with him Lieut. Anderson, of the United States army, and five Eskimos. The party had a long series of privations to encounter during the winter. In his letter the writer tells of times when they had practically no food except skins and snowshoe thong. For three weeks steadily they lived on a diet of seal, walrus, and Eskimos during that time eating up all the zoological specimens collected by the scientists of the party. Throughout, however, they were able to retain their records and instruments. Dr. Anderson and two of the shortest of the party had pneumonia, and ten dogs died from the rigorous conditions. At the time Dr. Stefansson wrote the party was about to start for Coronation Gulf, about 200 miles east of Cape Lyons. There was, he reported, no further fear of a shortage in the food supply, as game was plentiful. Still confronting the explorers, however, was the lack of dogs. Mr. Stefansson has sent down some of his geological results. After three and a half years spent in the ice-bound regions he expects to return in the fall of next year. The coming winter will be spent in the vicinity of Coronation Gulf.

"Hats off to men like these! It is a privilege to have known them."

Edmonton has always had a good deal of sympathy with old Battleford. Both are old towns and the extinc-

tion of each was attempted by a railway. Long years of weary waiting was the lot of the old-timers of both but fortune began to smile on Battleford as it came in a liberal measure to the former some years ago. Now we learn from a letter written to a Winnipeg paper by Mr. W. W. Smith that Battleford is coming to her own at last.

"Just a quarter of a century ago," writes Mr. Smith, "was seen the spectacle of the destruction of the original town by the rebellious Indians under Poundmaker, while the few residents of the broad district were cooped up behind barricades awaiting an expected attack. Just previous to that memorable event the route of the Canadian Pacific railway was changed to a location two hundred miles south, and following after the siege, the site of the territorial capital was shifted to Regina on the newly constructed railway."

"After that there did not appear to be much excuse for the existence of the town, so it was removed was it from the outer circle of civilization, but that same spirit which held the people of Edmonton, of Pincher Creek, and of Macleod to their posts after similar disappointments, triumphed in the case of Battleford, and her citizens sat down with the best possible grace to await the railway which they knew must ultimately come. It did come—twenty years after—and now was suffered a disappointment even more bitter than the first, for after the long years of waiting the humiliation was forced upon them of seeing the Canadian Northern railway take the high prize in the Biblical parable, passing by them on the other side. Good Samaritans were not entirely lacking in this instance, for a branch line of that railway was secured to join the old town to outer civilization. And a huge traffic bridge was thrown across the Saskatchewan river to serve a like purpose."

"Now in 1910, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the memorable siege of Battleford, the tide appears to have fairly turned, and destiny won out in a struggle lasting over three decades. This year saw the commencement of construction on a branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific to connect the old capital with the main line of the system forty miles distant, and surveys made for two other lines, one a branch of the G.T.P. to run from Battleford to Wainwright, and the other an extension of the C.N.R. to Kindersley on the Saskatoon-Calgary line."

"It also saw initial surveys made of the Saskatchewan river which, when navigable, will assure Battleford becoming an important point for transshipment from rail to water and vice versa, the town being the only railway point on the river between Fort Saskatchewan and Prince Albert, a distance of over five hundred miles."

"The present year also saw the initial steps taken towards the development of power from Battle river, which flows between high banks at the very back door of the town, and work has just commenced on a new post office and Dominion lands office,

which will cost in the neighborhood of \$80,000, and be one of the handsomest buildings in the province."

"Last, but by no means least, Battleford has the honor of having been selected as the site for the proposed provincial asylum for the insane. That institution will stand on the banks of the lordly Saskatchewan, overlooking the town and the broad island-studded bosom of the river, and will take in scenery unexcelled for beauty in any part of the three prairie provinces."

"Perhaps no such thing as destiny has a hand in the making or unmaking of communities. In this awfully practical country and age it receives but scant consideration by the builders of business or the makers of towns, cities and empires. It is possible, therefore, that energetic citizenship, backed up by that persistence which is born of repeated rebuffs at the hand of fortune, may be credited with final victory snatched from defeat. The latter being correct, and having started this article with a quotation from the classics, we are justified in closing with the commonplace Americanism, 'Every knock is a boost.'"

"The people of the first capital of the Territories deserve all the good-luck possible, and it is satisfactory to learn that there are good prospects of their obtaining it."

So but thou strive, thou soon shalt see defeat itself is victory.—Claunch

Aunt Sophie—Dear! They say the fashionable mother nowadays only recognises her baby by its nurse.

Fashionable Mother—How very clever, when one changes one's nurse so often; I always tell mine by the malticant.—Pittsburg Leader.

Fresh delivery of net and silk waists, in white, cream, and black. La Chic corsets in some of the latest models.—The Forbes Taylor Co., 233 Jasper, West.

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A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress \$4.75

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Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$6.75

Wash Stand for \$6.95

All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$9.95

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Horse Rugs, from \$3.25

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Room 68 McLean Block

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and you will find a Hot Water
bottle a great comfort. I
handle the Walpole—the best
made—and every bottle guar-
anteed. The Walpole com-
binations are also in stock.
Nothing better.

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is a wet proposition and more than
half the time both you and the plum-
ber are to blame. You've no busi-
ness to hire a blacksmith to do your
plumbing. If you get us, you're sure
it's right.

Good Plumbing

costs a shade more than worthless
work. It is "money in" in the end
and besides that, it saves a lot of
words not fit to print.

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347 Namayo Ave. Phone 1847

Increasing the Earth's Riches

Teaching by example is a very old
principle in the world, for good and
for evil; and this is why we should
be, as a people, on the alert for good
examples, in things social, as well as
political, in things educational, in
things industrial, and in everything,
in fact which makes for true prog-
ress. But it is undeniable that we
Canadians, of the older provinces at
any rate, are conservative in our
ways in these respects, and are slow
to adopt methods or movements to
which we have not been accus-
tomed. During the last five or six
years, for instance, there have been
some remarkable movements in sev-
eral of the western states for the
improvement of agricultural methods,
and which have resulted in adding
vastly to the wealth of the farmers
in those states. But the whole-souled
enthusiasm which has marked
these movements, in which there was
the heartiest co-operation between
the state legislatures, the agricultur-
al colleges, the railway companies
and the farmers, is something, as yet,
particularly western in its spirit,
and hardly to be looked for in the
more staid east. The story of the
latest of these movements is told in
the November Technical World Maga-
zine, and if we cannot, in this part
of the continent, reproduce its swing,
we can, at least, appropriate, if we
will, the principle that was taught
This time a great experiment, a co-
operative experiment, was carried out
in the state of Iowa, for the purpose
of showing, first, that every farmer
can easily test his seed corn; next,
that every farmer should do so, and
lastly, that the seed so selected would
vastly increase the corn production of
the state without any increase in the
acreage seeded. The actual results
of this year's experiments have not
yet been determined, but the cam-
paign proposed in the spring looked
forward to an increase of 100,000,000
bushels, of a cash value of fifty mil-
lion dollars.

The campaign was started by Pro-
fessor Holden, of the Iowa State A-
gricultural College. He broadly placed
the bare arithmetic of the question
before the people and asked the 200,
000 farmers of the state to take the
trouble, in the spring to test the seed
corn before planting. The test was a
simple one. "Directions were given
for the making of the germination
box and a system of numbering given
so that the people could track the 5000
ears could be distinguished from the
'dead' ones. Six kernels from an ear
was sufficient for a test, and a single
kernel of the six failing to germinate
condemned the whole ear. There are
about a thousand kernels to an ear of
corn, and this is where the arithmetic
comes in. In the past Iowa farmers
have used ears which showed four or
five kernels out of six tested com-
ing out strong and vigorous in the
germination box. Yet one kernel
out of the six unfit means that one-
sixth of the ears will not grow. Plant-
ing three kernels in the hill there is
a loss of fifty hills. If only an aver-
age of one and a half ears was raised
to the hill there would be a loss of a
bushel of corn; fifty cents in value,
for every ear of seed corn which test-
ed one kernel bad out of six. The
campaign in Iowa this spring was to
use only such seed corn as tested six
kernels strong and vigorous out of
every six tried." It was a case of sim-
ple arithmetic, but it appealed
with force to a great body of intelli-
gent farmers who had already been
aroused in a general way to the im-
portance of seed testing. The daily
newspapers and the agricultural pa-
pers took it up and then the general
managers of five great railway lines
heard of Professor Holden's remark,
and ran special seed corn testing
trains as a result, traversing hun-
dreds of miles of the Burlington,
Rock Island, Milwaukee, Great West-
ern and North Western routes. It
is estimated that 5000 farmers at-
tended the seed testing demonstra-
tions given in this way.

The article in question gives other
interesting details of the work that is
being done in Iowa in the application
of scientific principles to the chief
agricultural product of the state. But
the enthusiastic response of the farm-
ers of Iowa to a seed testing cam-
paign, showing as it does a solid con-
fidence in scientific methods, is the
large lesson it conveys for other and
more conservative communities.
These men are good farmers, but they
are convinced that there is al-
ways something to be learned. The
experiment, it is true, was particu-
larly called for this year, in view of the
fact that a good deal of last year's

corn was injured by frost, and it was
therefore necessary to know whether
or not that which was saved for seed
would germinate. The simple-
home-made germinating box told the
story. It was not left to the hazard
of the year's work to find out the
proportion of poor seed to good seed.
The great point about the farmers of
Iowa, Wisconsin, and a few other
wide-awake and progressive agricul-
tural communities seems to be that
they are alive to the fact that science
and scientific methods are really a
help to them. They have got past
the conception that scientific agricul-
ture is mere "book-keeping." It is
not surprising, therefore, that they
are also the pioneers on this contin-
ent in the establishing of consolida-
ted rural high schools in which science
teaching plays an important part.

BOURASSA.

A Pen Sketch of the Nationalist
Lion.

Can the reader picture a man
nearing forty, five feet nine or ten
inches in height, of graceful figure,
wearing a close clipped beard,
black but tinged with grey, that be-
comes him well; eyes set fairly well
back in his head, which is square
built, and covered with close cropped
iron grey hair—if the reader can
picture such a man, that is Henri
Bourassa.

At least, that is Henri Bourassa
at rest.

In action, you see a man, trans-
formed. Undoubtedly he is an ora-
tor—and perhaps something of an
actor. It has been said that he is
all actor.

Whether actor, or true orator,
whether he learns his speeches by
heart, as he has been accused of
doing, and merely recites them to
the accompaniment of impassioned
gestures, or whether his words flow
from the bottom of his heart, from
the well spring of his convictions, or
from a mastery ability in the art
of expressing that which he wishes to
say—whatever may be true of his
methods, the fact is indisputable
that he sways his audience in a re-
markable manner.

Yet one is inclined to listen to
the charge that it is merely the spell
of the actor that exerts—for in an
auditorium clothed in a dress suit
and fine linen, he is much more ef-
fective than in a cold rink, talking
in that, and overcoat; and it is said
that in Drummond and Athabaska,
without his loyal band of Laval stu-
dents to hear him he was still less
effective—almost tame in fact.

Nevertheless, to a greater or less
extent, he always carries the crowd
with him, temporarily at least.
Time will show whether or not his
leadership is based on a solid founda-
tion, making for permanence.
Bourassa likes dramatic effects—
witness his putting to a vote, in a
meeting consisting almost solely of
his own supporters, the resolution
which is quoted in the report of the
meeting published elsewhere in this
paper. The vote could not be any-
thing but absolutely unanimous or
practically so—four had the cour-
age to vote against it.

But the forest of frantically wav-
ing arms from the other 15,000 was
certainly inspiring—to a Nationa-
list.

The Nationalist leader is pictur-
esque. His attitudes are striking,
he fulfills one's ideas of an orator.
When pressing home a point, he
leans far over towards his audience,
with outstretched arms and pointed
finger—then suddenly straightens
up, and throws his arms wide with
an imposing grace, which is very ef-
fective.

There is an odd little story re-
garding his preparation for his
meetings. It is said that for days
previous to a big political gathering,
he is shut up and sees no one, or
scarcely any one. This is probab-
ly what gives rise to the story that
his speeches are written for him
and that he learns them by heart.

The oddest part of the story,
however, is that always, just before
one of his big meetings, he goes
to a church, and there spends an
hour alone in prayer!
W. SCANLAN, in Ottawa Journal.

True Philanthropy.

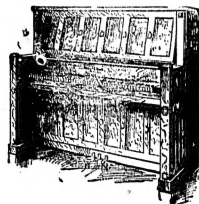
"You should endeavor to do some-
thing for the comfort of your fellow
men," said the philanthropist, "with-
out thought of reward."
"I do." I buy umbrellas, instead
of borrowing them."—Washington
Star.

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instrument to be had, must inevitably
choose the

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been, you will detect in the Mason & Risch
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100,001	"March Past of the Lancashire Brigade."	100,006	"Coronation Bells".....Partridge
100,002	"Czardas "Coppella".....Delibes	100,009	"Wellington March".....Zelke
100,003	"Through the Valley, March" Walker	100,010	"The Shepherd's Dance" (Henry VIII)...German

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to select from. Samples by mail on receipt of
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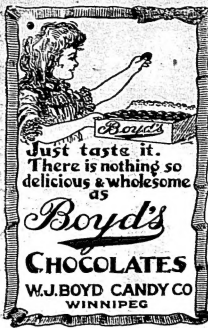
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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD.
(Continued.)

The ability of an athlete to "come back" after a number of years of absence from sport in one of its branches has been discussed over and over again since the famous "go" at Reno last July. The New York Medical Journal takes it up from the scientific side in a very interesting article.

"Whatever the merits of the rumors of crookedness in the latest pugilistic event may be," says the man who writes it, "this much is certain, viz., that illness, infirmary of the laws of health, and the strain of training demanded and received their full and legitimate toll at the recent fight at Reno.

"Youth will be served," and, while thirty-five is young enough for successful effort in most fields of human endeavor, the athlete of that age is already old. There have been, it is true, exceptions to the rule, Fitzsimmons being a notable example. Fitzsimmons, in his prime, however was little less than a freak of nature—a biological sport. In all my experience with athletes and athletes—a period so long that I would rather not reduce it to figures—I have never met with a physique so remarkable as that of Fitzsimmons. He never was a Sandow, or in any sense a phenomenon, so far as bulk of muscle and mere brute strength were concerned, but he probably had more, better quality, and better disciplined muscle where he most needed it in his somewhat strenuous specialty than any pugilist who ever entered the ring. Above all, he led a very regular life and conserved his physical capital. His achievements and the age at which he accomplished some of them are no more to be taken as a criterion of average athletic capacity than the achievements of the genius are to be accepted as the standard of human brain capacity.

"My late friend, Edward Hanlan, king of the single sculls, once said to me: 'Doctor, the professional athlete finally lowers his colors, not because athletes are continually growing better, but because all athletes go black sooner or later.' Age tells," Mr. Hanlan's statement should be accepted as a truism. We do not breed men for athletics and cannot expect a strain of blood which will develop better and better athletes. Improved methods, larger financial rewards, and greater popularity of certain forms of athletics tend to elevate both standards and records, but the average capacity for athletics remains practically the same. The athlete comes to the fore, lays the best there is in him before the shrine, and holds his laurels until he starts on the toboggan slide for the land of "gone back." His triumphant successor travels the same road. There are record-breakers, it is true, but they are few in number and do not disprove what I have said. Records, like rewards, stimulate athletic endeavor, but apparently do not improve the average intrinsic capacity of athletes.

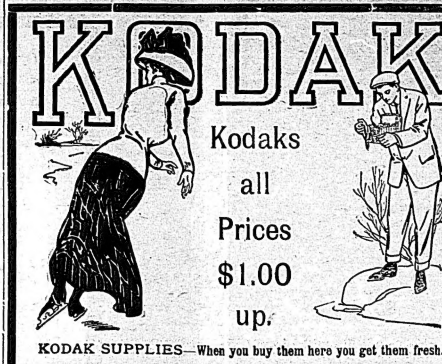
"It was poetic justice that Jeffries, who had never before met in the ring a man who could fairly be classed as a match for him, should travel the same road as had the men whom he himself had helped down the slide. Every 'top notcher' whom he had ever whipped was well on his way to the dead lumber room of pugilism before Jeffries finished the work which Nature or self-maltreatment or both had begun. In the same way another popular idol was smashed at Reno by a younger, stronger man and the public was compelled to learn its lesson over again.

"The athlete who does not get the best out of himself before the age of thirty is exceptional. 'There are just so many battles in a man,' aptly remarked a certain pugilist who chanced to be a patient of mine. This experienced critic might have added: 'There are just so many seasons of training in a man.'

"The work of training is very strenuous. It should draw the best out of a man. He shows the best results who has the most reserve physical force on which to draw. Training goes hand with the man who has no reserve of energy in his physiological bank. He may have stamina enough to put himself in excellent muscular condition yet have no reserve left for emergencies on the day of trial. In the midst of the battle he finds himself a physical bankrupt. Jeffries was whipped by his training before he had ever faced Johnson, as was plain to him who could read between the lines."

But the most important part of the article is found in the concluding paragraph.

"I have repeatedly stated in my various writings on athletics my opposition to professional athletics of all kinds," we are told. "Athletes



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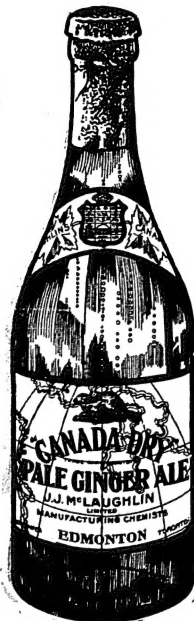
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for health and symmetrical development should be the ideal. Athletics for records are well enough, provided there is no overstrain or imperfect preparation for events. Amateur athletics, especially boxing, fencing, and wrestling should be encouraged, but it will be a gladsome day when professional contests shall be no more. And I am not prejudiced against such contests because I deem them necessary either brutal or brutalizing, but because of their sordidness, frequent dishonesty, and, above all, their absurdity when considered in the light of the proper ends of athletics, health, symmetrical physical development, endurance, self-control. Amateur boxing, fencing, and wrestling can be made stepping-stones to health, manliness, alertness and self-reliance. Such sports are excellent training alike for mind and body. Professional contests should be discouraged, especially by the physician. They are not often morally, socially, or, in the long run, even physically elevating. The truth of this state-

ment is demonstrated by the careers of nearly all professional athletes, and more particularly by those of pugilists.

The truth of this cannot be too strongly impressed, and it applies to many more branches of athletics than those mentioned. How many athletes we hear of, who for a number of years were trained to the last minute, going all to pieces when, for one reason or another, they had to give up. The explanation is not hard to arrive at. They have lived unnaturally and when the time came for getting down to ordinary methods of life, their organisms could not adjust themselves to the change. The lesson is a plain one. We should go into games for the fun of the thing. Herein our English cousins are much wiser than are young Americans. This has been brought out very frequently in connection with international athletic contests, particularly those between the universities on the two sides of the water. We have to get away from the gladiatorial spirit if sport is to be all that it should be to us.

Joseph Chamberlain and His Grandson.



An interesting picture from Lady Dorothy Nevill's book of reminiscences, "Under Five Reigns." The photograph is inscribed with the words "To Lady Dorothy Nevill, from an old friend and a new one."

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At a time when the extinction of the horse has been threatened by the automobile, his friends appear to have

breed her to a jack.

"The best draught horses in this country are bred in what is known as the corn belt, which runs from Kansas and Nebraska on the west to Ohio on the east and of which Iowa and Illinois are the centre. There are parts of the east too where they get good draught horses. Frederick and Carroll counties, Maryland, and Loudon county, Virginia, produce just as fine specimens of this kind as are raised anywhere.

"Do I think the automobile is driving out the horse? Well, figures show that horses are not diminishing, in fact that there are more horses in the country than ever. I believe, however, that there are fewer light horses. The experience of anyone buying horses seems to bear this out. For instance, the Government finds it extremely difficult to mount its cavalry.

"The automobile, as near as I can ascertain, has driven a great many cheap light horses off the roads, and probably driven some saddle horses out of the cities. But it doesn't appreciably affect draught horses, except the light delivery horses of say 1200 pounds. If the auto has driven out the saddle and carriage horse generally, why is it that these are

higher in price than before the auto came? The people who before the advent of the automobile were the best customers for saddle horses were such as could afford to have both horses and automobiles.

When the auto came it drove out the cheaper grades, but the price of the better ones went skyward. There is a better market than ever for the good light horse, and a poorer than ever for the poor one."

STOPPING LONDON'S TRAFFIC.

Lord Montagu in "The Car."

Five young gentlemen notorious beforetime in the practical joke line were dining together in a club a week or two ago. They began to discuss the nuisances which the continual pulling up of the streets cause to traffic, and then, as the argument grew acute, one of them made a bet of £100 that he would stop the traffic in one of the main streets of London for a whole day. The bet was taken,

begun, so ask why and wherefore; and the street was put down again, while a lively correspondence began to pass between the local road authority and eight separate and distinct authorities. "We shall be much obliged if you can inform us by return by what authority you, &c." I am told that some of these bodies have returned civil answers, some rude answers, some (these are the Government departments concerned) no answers at all.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS SINCE RIEL DIED.

Twenty-five years ago today, the career of the half-breed Louis Riel was ended by his execution. From that time onward Canada has enjoyed an uninterrupted peace. There have been insurgents since then, but the battle of Batoche has been replaced by the battle of the ballots. The Fenian Raid of '66, the Red River trouble of some years later and Riel's final rebellion in 1885 are the Dominion's last memories of actual warfare. The last stand in the valley of the Saskatchewan was the occasion of the despatch of two Toronto regiments to the scene of action—the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers.

Time has mellowed, as it was bound to do, the Canadian opinion of the misguided man who called Louis Riel from his exile in Montana to assume the leadership of their ferocious cause. Fear that their lands would be taken from them was the ostensible reason of their rebellion. Underneath and beyond that, however, was the hopeless hostility to the march of progress which seems so often to abide in the hearts of the dwellers of the wilderness. They resented the coming of the white man, resented the snake of steel which was gliding across the miles on its long journey from sea to sea, resented the breaking up of wild ways of life and the establishment of new. They met the fate which is common to those who stand in the pathway of civilization.

To read of the hardships which were endured by the forces which crushed the rebellion is an education in Canadian progress. In the twenty-five years which have passed since the leader met his death upon the gallows at Regina, the valley of the Saskatchewan, and all that great territory, summed up briefly in two words, the West, has become a granary of Empire, tapped by a network of railways, and the Mecca of a world-wide immigration. Saskatchewan alone has a population of 350,000 souls, and in eleven years it has produced more than 300,000,000 bushels of wheat.

And what will be the record of the next quarter century in Canada's great West, is a question to which the answer of the most daring optimist might fall far short of the truth. —Toronto Star.

COSTOFLIVING.

Violette—"I suppose, Reggie, that you would sell your soul for a cigarette?" Reginald—"Well, hardly for one. It would take at least two. First, he would have passed lately. You know." —Judge.

Second Way More Popular.

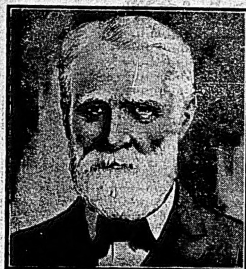
First Financier—"I made my success by putting my money where I could get my hands on it easily." Second Ditto—"And I got mine by putting other people's where I could get my hands on it easily." —Puck.

Horse Show Item

"Going to exhibit at the horse show this year?"
"Yes; I've entered a couple of gowns." —Washington Herald.

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WM. PARSONS.

BRAINS TOO CHEAP IN THE MARKET

Why is it that Brains Do Not Win Wealth?

Brains are a drug in the market. Yet brains are of the utmost value to every community, and common sentiment admits this to the extent of awarding them nearly every recognition but money (writes Tudor Jenks, in the Independent). The matter is worth looking into. It will be well if we may find out why money—why what money buys—is not commanded by men of brains. The ablest men of a community, those who create the ideas that develop into purposes, plans, accomplishments—why are not these men who secure the fruits of their brain work?

Admitting that some men of wealth, of power, of position owe their success to brains, it is enough to prove our case that the two classes—the wealthy and the brainy—do not at all coincide. The men of money are not the men of brains, and vice versa.

The world's brains are in the heads of the men who do the work—the engineers, lawyers, divines, artists, inventors, advertisers. These our common speech recognizes as the "brain workers." They make our civilization and maintain it. They direct the laboring ranks. Men of business affairs, succeed rather by employing the brain workers than by their own head work, as will be appreciated by all who will consider the relative worth of capital, of brains, and of labor in the business world.

Give me the cash and I can hire the brains so common a saying that it is never disputed, and always accepted as a general principle of business success.

Middlemen Make Money.

Brain men neither control the material resources of the globe nor command the highest wages in the markets. The wealthy are those who play the part of middlemen. They are merely a tax on industry and levers of tribute. As common carriers they increase the cost of transportation and absorb the surplus, as traders they intervene between producer and consumer; as owners of monopolies they are parasites upon industry; as brokers they thrive only because industrial methods are crude or clumsy. As for speculators, they are mere gamblers; and in politics the man who grows rich must have used his position rather for his own benefit than for that of the public.

Historian, poet, teacher, theologian, composer, chemist, all are put to it to support their families exactly in proportion to their education and single-mindedness in their chosen work.

Everywhere, if we are guided by the price they command from men of affairs, we find that brains are cheap forms of power, for they are mainly either motive power or lubricants.

Mankind's work in the world consists in making, unmaking, or transporting combinations of matter. In all forms of these activities, the vast majority of operations have long been stereotyped, and need no unusual expenditure of thought or activity of brain.

For most of us there is little opportunity to think; we live amid the usual, and only the unusual requires the exercise of the brain power whereby the social philosopher may know the reason for the popularity of brain games, puzzles, detective stories, and other forms of artificial brain exercise.

Poorly-Paid Brainy Men.

The demand for brain power is therefore, limited, directly by the scarcity of the unusual, the emergency, in civilized life. When the novel situation arises, and brain power is essential, capable men can command a monopoly price, but these occasions are rare in proportion to the perfection of civilization. This explains the rise of able men during times of convulsion, as in revolutions or social catastrophes.

Considering the intrinsic value of their service, what classes are more poorly paid than authors, who are the critics and creators of our ideals, editors, who sift from the crude material the ore that is valuable; the teachers of morals, whose work outweighs in preservative power that of all the armies, navies, and police of the globe; the statesmen, who keep the nation's honor and insure its permanence; the physicians who make living possible under artificial conditions imposed by civilization; the poets, musicians, artists—the whole artistic corps—who make life bearable by feeding the imagination, cultivating

ing romance, rewarding taste, and cultivation.

More and more the world is coming to recognize the value of thoughts and ideals in maintaining even the spirit that leads to material advancement; and these thoughts and ideas are the manufactured product of the brain-workers. Even the veriest Gradgrind nowadays knows that the army of Japan owed its success to the motive power of the sentiment of patriotism. No multi-millionaire can buy what is freely given to the Emperor of Japan.

Cheaply Hired Brains.

Surely no one will contend that the men of most brains are the money-makers of a modern community! We have too many object lessons to the contrary.

No. Brains may be cheaply hired or we should see the rich competitors for the services of brain-workers at a rate; and life shows us the exact opposite—men of brains peddling their abilities among those who have the money to hire their assistance.

Considering their true value, brains are the cheapest commodity in the market.

GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

(John Morley in the London Times)

It is a curious thing that the adoration of political England should all this time have been divided, though not in equal proportions, between two illustrious men, and governed first by one and then by the other of them, neither of whom she more than half understood or even pretended to understand. Palmerston, for instance, was one of the most plain headed men that ever became prime minister. In his two successor political fortune brought extraordinary paradox. Mr Gladstone, from the day when he resigned about Maynooth, offered to his most ardent friends endless puzzles. He would have scorned to call himself by any name but Catholic, and amid all his vicissitudes was ever the most devoted son of the Church of England. Yet he was the idol of Protestant ultras, the political hero of Scotch Presbyterians and English Independents, not to name the small but ardent band of Nationalists, some of whom were his stoutest henchmen to the end.

Disraeli's apotheosis was just as strange. Mr Gladstone used to tell how one day, sitting on the bench while Disraeli was making a strenuous speech for the removal of Jewish disabilities, Lord John Russell whispered: "Look at the fellow, how manfully he sticks to it, though he knows his worst word he says is gall and wormwood to every man who sits around and behind him!" It took him a generation to drive the Ghetto out of the minds of the country gentlemen. He was regaled with a host of nicknames from every quarter indicative of mystery and legend. Yet after some five and thirty years of it a huge majority of English voters at last hailed him for first minister. The strange riddle stands over.

Meanwhile we do not forget that one who began his career by so much literary extravagance as the present volume recalls, yet when he came to the great business of his life, the creation and working of a wonderful political party, showed himself cool, shrewd, patient, far sighted, practical, full of tactical resource, a consummate master of the fatiguing art of managing men, and those, too, the kind of men to whom he was not by race only but by temperament and deepest habits a chartered alien. He grew larger and not less, as time went on, even down to the days of disaster and overthrow in 1886. Those who were in confidential relations with him at that baleful hour have recorded, as the present writer has said elsewhere, how the fallen minister, who had counted on a very different result, faced the ruin of his government, the end of his career and the overwhelming triumph of his antagonist with an unclouded serenity and a greatness of mind worthy of a man who had known high fortunes and filled to the full the measure of his gifts and his ambitions.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them. You would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?

Tommy—No, mum.

Teacher—Why?

Tommy—Cos 'twouldn't be necessary—Suburban Life.

You're the waiter, aren't you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you'll lose your job if you don't take care. I've been waiting here longer than you have!"—New York Times.

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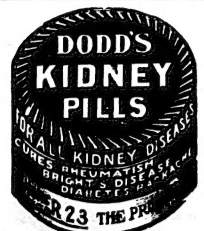
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THE BUSINESS MAN IN POLITICS

By Dr. Andrew Macphail.

The common demand is for the hard-headed business man in politics. This demand is caused by a thickness of head in those who make it. The prevalent theory of democracy is that a man who may know nothing of anything also necessarily knows all about the science of government; that business is the greatest qualification of a man to deal with all matters of legislation.

I should say, rather, that a training in business was the worst possible qualification for public life; because the ethics of business is love of money, whilst the ethic of politics is love of men. Therefore the two are in direct antithesis. The business man looks at questions in narrow details, not abstractly nor in relation to the well-being of the community. Between these two conceptions a great gulf is fixed.

A man with the characteristics of a trader is not remarkable for that enlargement of mind which alone enables him to deal with questions in the abstract. Political problems deal with the lives of men, and demand for their solution an acquaintance with the whole history of the race and an imagination to surmise the future.

of the United States affords the best illustration of the world has yet known of government by business men. When Mr. Lorimer wanted a seat in the Senate he bought it in the market, and a man who buys the people will sell them again. When the insurance companies of New York required legislation in their interests they bought it with money at current rates. When corporations feel the need of protection against their competitors they make contributions to campaign funds. They have even discovered that justice may be made a subject of barter, and they have entered the courts of law with money-bags in their hands. The Athenians had a wise law, that any one who interfered in the assemblies of the people by the infamous practice of purchase, was punishable by death. This application of business methods to politics, as Lock affirms, cuts up government by the roots and poisons the very fountain of public security.

Public affairs are not so simple as they seem. Ignorance is only a little less dangerous than dishonesty. Knowledge and wisdom are only a little less necessary than probity and a nice sense of honor. Engagement

assembly is left to the baser members who are willing to scramble for their bellies' sake.

A university finds no difficulty in filling its chairs with men of fine personal honor and high attainment, because the candidate has the assurance that his merits will be carefully considered, and the struggle is not an ignominious one. If the people were to make a candidature attractive, they would find no difficulty in securing the best men in the community to serve them.

For, in truth, the business of the legislator at his desk is much like that of the professor in his chair. Both are concerned about getting at the rights of the matter in hand, for the sheer pleasure which there is in the inquiry. What is most needed in all democratic communities is an assembly entirely composed of men who make politics a profession, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, men of leisure and of contemplative minds who are not especially concerned otherwise about making a living or at all about becoming rich.

For such there are many inducements in Canada to enter public life. The future of the country lies open for the entrance of good or of evil. The possibilities of doing good are boundless and the people are more ready than ever to listen to an appeal to their interest. They are tired of the farce by which their candidates are chosen for them in some secret conclave.

The requirements of the election law, which govern the attempt to en-

Toronto's Waterfront in 1862.



The above is a reproduction of a water color painting of Toronto harbor, half a century ago. On the right will be seen the old G.T.R. station, where the Union Station now stands, with the same outdoor conveniences as will be noted in any small town of Ontario today. Behind the station are seen the grounds of Bishop Strachan's Palace. To the left is seen the old Crawford home—that of Hon. John Crawford, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The propeller below it is the original headquarters of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The two-masted, lateen-rigged open boat just off the wharf is one in which Principal Barron of Upper Canada College had sailed from Cobourg to Toronto, a risky business in those days. The water color is owned by His Honor John A. Barron, K.C., of Stratford, County Judge of Perth, a son of Principal Barron.

Self-interest is a sure guide for business, and a man whose whole life is governed by that principle must be utterly lost in the world of politics where abnegation of self-interest is the first requirement. The difficulty cannot be overestimated of putting on a new life. It is this difficulty, I think, which lies at the root of much which is evil in public life. The business man is trained to deal with each situation as it arises applying to it his own experience. When he becomes a legislator, he is guided by the same rule, no matter how honest he may be, rather than by those great principles of reason and equity, and the general sense of mankind, which Burke declares are the only rules by which a legislator may be bound. He is even unaware that such great principles exist, and is apt to deal with the people as if they were employees who are compelled to submit to a multiplicity of perplexing and teasing regulations.

Although those general statements are true, we must take account of the exception, which Burke also noted, that, while there are business men with the sentiments and abilities of great statesmen, there are also persons in the rank of statesmen with the exceptions and characters of peddlers, knowing even less of politics than they do of business. Political problems are great problems, and are ill-solved by minds accustomed to deal with small things. A business man who would not tinker his kitchen clock is quite willing to try his hand at mending an act of parliament.

I should say that the government

in business does not necessarily create wisdom. On the contrary, "He that hath little business shall become wise. How can he beget wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the good, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows and is diligent to give the kine fodder. So every carpenter and workmaster that laboreth night and day, all these trusts to their hands and every one is wise in his work. They shall not be sought for in public counsel, or sit high in the congregation; they cannot declare justice and judgment."

I am not saying that an assembly of lawyers would succeed any better than an assembly of business men. Lawyers are bound strictly by their own rules, and are incapable of that exercise of imagination which is necessary in dealing with future events. More ominous still, many lawyers have abandoned their proper function of applying general principles to particular cases, and are become the employees of corporations seeking special privileges under the guise of ministering to the public good. When they gain entrance to parliament they represent not the people but a particular class whose interests are often divergent from those of the people at large.

The worst calamity which can befall a people is that a place in their assembly should become distasteful to a civilized member of the community, by being deprived of the dignity and power which properly belongs to it. When the last safeguard of the people is gone, and the

ter public life are very simple and specific. They do not demand that a candidate shall belong to this party or that. They do not insist that he have the consent, approval or support of any body of managers or the aid of any convention or machine. Any man may be a candidate for the Dominion Parliament, who is in possession of the hundred dollars, and is able to secure the names of twenty-five electors to a requisition that he become their representative.

If the most suitable man in each constituency in Canada were to follow this courageous course, even if all were to fail at first, such an impression would be made upon the public mind that we should soon have a legislature composed of men to whom politics is a profession indeed, governed by such an ideal ethical standard as prevails in the professions of law, medicine and the church, and not by the rules and customs of a mercenary trade or business.

Twice Recovered His Sight

A remarkable case of a blind man's second recovery of sight happened at Northampton yesterday.

A grocer named George Vaughan, aged 64, who was quite blind, recovered his sight five years ago. He collided with a pillar box and immediately found that his sight had been restored.

Some time afterward he again lost his sight, but recovered it again some time before his death yesterday. He was then able to see and recognize the members of his family—London Daily Mail.



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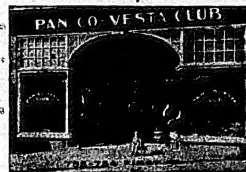
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